

FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Thursday
Noon Series

12:10 pm • WALTER HALL
EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING

CONCERT OF STUDENT COMPOSERS

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1987

Three Songs

- IV. Contortionist
- VI. Bearded Lady
- VIII. Mesmerist

DAVID MACK
text from "Turns" by Richard Outram

Regan Grant, baritone
David Mack, piano

Nuclear Beach

for Piano and Tape

LESLEY BARBER

Lesley Barber, piano

Icons of the Virgin

- I. Ave Maria
- II. Alma Redemptoris Mater
- III. Regina Coeli

MICHAEL SIENKIEWICZ

Laura Pudwell, mezzo-soprano
Leo Marchildon, organ

Rhapsody

Mark Jealouse, clarinet
Sterling McNay, bassoon

GREG FURLONG

The Hour of the Singer

LEO MARCHILDON
text by Gwendolyn MacEwen

Marianne Bendig, mezzo-soprano
David Mack, piano
Liz Johnston, violin I
Leo Marchildon, violin II
Kenji Fusé, viola
Eero Voitek, cello

• A D M I S S I O N F R E E •

TEXTS

Three Songs

DAVID MACK

Contortionist

Billed as 'THE LIVING PRETZEL',
I can tie my ankles
Into a knot above my head,
A stunt that always rankles

My hosts of jealous rivals;
Let that whole tatty legion
Go, if they are able,
Kiss their lumbar region.

The rubes still come to see,
By watching from all angles,
Sweet something that they shouldn't,
Just covered by my spangles.

My paw, a Gospel-grinder
Who maw, not God, supported,
Would spin to see his daughter
So publicly contorted;

Just think, paw, I was born
Double and triple-jointed,
Thereby for my chosen calling
Divinely appointed.

Bearded Lady

I am in fact a public slave;
How I would love to misbehave
And start the morning with a shave;

But do not dare. Each day I rise
To face my face with downcast eyes
And make the toilette I despise.

So that, my moustache all unfurled,
My whiskers neatly oiled and curled,
I may go forth to face the world.

To bear all day the cruellest whips
Of dirty jokes and jeers and quips;
I am adept at reading lips.

Hell hath indeed, as we are warned,
No fury like a woman scorned:
God knows why I am so adorned.

He may not find, for all His Grace,
A member of the human race
To love me for my hirsute face;

But when the world and time have died
You'll face me, seated by His side,
His radiant and bearded Bride.

Mesmerist

The powers of sleeping suggestion
Are greater than everyone thinks;
I may turn a man to a Goddess;
I have turned a girl to a Sphinx.

I enabled a child to breathe flambeaux
And walk upon embers; so charmed,
He sported like God's Salamander
In rivers of fire unharmed.

I once made a native so rigid,
Three others could rest on his span;
A common enough demonstration:
You wonder just how I began?

I fell out of grace with my father
Who taught me this damnable art
That spoils me for other vocations,
That sets me forever apart,

Thus cursed, to encounter in peril
Somnambulists not as they seem,
Forbidden, however, to save them,
Bereft of the succour of dream;

Compelled, in compassion, to tamper
With ardour, yet never to make
One true transformation: a mentor
My subjects ignore, once awake.

Icons of the Virgin

MICHAEL SIENKIEWICZ

Ave Maria

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you.
Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit
of your womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and
at the hour of our death,
Amen.

Alma Redemptoris Mater

Mother of Christ the redeemer,
Eternal gateway to the heavens, and star of the deep,
Bring help to your people who sink yet seek to rise,
You who miraculously bore your holy Father:
Virgin first and last, by means of Gabriel's word,
You who received his greeting, pity us our sins.

Regina Coeli

Queen of heaven, rejoice, Alleluia,
For He whom you deserved to bear, Alleluia,
Has risen as he said, Alleluia,
Pray for us to God, Alleluia.

The Hour of the Singer

LEO MARCHILDON

Your life falls away from the mouth of the singer
and you are left with one song you must sing forever;
all you have aspired to you have already done
or seen in the eyes of the indestructible One.

This is the hour when it all falls away,
and you are lost in the blind mouth of the singer
and everything you ever wanted is contained
in the naked pause between his words.

Through his red music he smiles to warn you
you have always moved among the gods.

All you have sought you have already found
and now it falls away beyond the sounding hours
of the blood and the years of false singing.

What you have been is a tale beyond telling
and all that has fallen away from his mouth and your
life
is yours forever, without ending.

Now you comprehend your first and final lover
in the dark receding planets of his eyes,
and this is the hour when you know moreover
that the god you have loved always
will descend and lie with you in paradise.